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POCAHONTAS COUNTY

Chapter 5 - Section 1 - C

This is the story of "Lame Paw" the Outlaw, as told by Mr. Andrew Price in the 1926 Blue Book. Five years ago "Lame Paw" stepped into a steel trap and left a toe to show who had been there and the toe was hung up and after that the big track registered the identity of the animal. He had been making his home on Gibson's Knob. This is not the highest peak in these mountains but it is well up in the forty odd hundred feet and in a way it is one of the most spectacular features of the landscape. It has been cleared on the top and forms a long mound covered with blue grass. The mountain is encircled on every side by fine blue grass farms and it is the center of one of the finest grazing countries in West Virginia.

County roads enclose it. Starting at Edray and following the pike to Linwood, and turning there and traversing the road to Clover Creek and thence to Poage's Lane and Warwick and back to Edray you travel a circle of thirty-three miles.

I have tried to get a list of the men who made up the hunt that day after Lame Paw, and I talked to some who were in it, and was told of twelve men and twelve hounds that made up the hunt. In addition to that every man on every side of Gibson's Knob had a bear load in his gun and was ready to fire.

The twelve I listed were: Charles Sheets, James Gibson, Robert Gibson, Willie Gibson, Dallas Tacy, Another Tacy, Doc

Gibson, W. E. Poage, Ross Hamrick, Carl Gibson, French Hoover. Added later: Henry Simmons, Amos Wooddell, Elmer Hannah and Roscoe Bennett, sixteen in all.

Of the twelve hounds, two were heroes,"Roamy", belonging to James Gibson, and "Liner", belonging to Dallas Tacy.

The standers were placed and the hounds taken to the top of Gibson's Knob, and there in the bear wallow was fresh sign of the bear. The hounds were loosed and within a hundred and fifty yards they jumped the big bear and another from their beds in a Wind Shake Fall, near a laurel patch. Lame Paw's companion in crime lit out from there as fast as he could lay foot to the ground and took with him ten hounds and so far as is known is going yet. It was a part of the cunning of the ancient bear, no doubt, to have a young racing bear handy to draw off such dangers as this.

But Roamy and Liner had been conferring over the matter and they knew very well the small bear was not the object of the hunt. If it had not been for these wise dogs, the whole pack would have been drawn away after the subservient bear that Lame Paw kept for the purpose and Lame Paw would have been left with his head on his paws brooding over the endless expanse that surrounded his high lookout.

But Roamy and Liner prodded him out. Lame Paw was too old and fat to enjoy running but he decided that he would have to waddle his finest if he got to Gauley Mountain and away f from the dogs, men and guns.

He could not do anything with the hounds. One good swipe of his paw would crush a hound, but the hounds sidestepped and kept out of the way. They also kept him from fleeing rapidly. One hung on one flank of the big bear and one on the other. Each dog picked the hind leg that he was to chew and paid attention to it. When Roamy bit the leg assigned to him, the bear would stop and cuff him off, and Liner would then fasten on the leg left exposed and the big brute was much harried and distressed.

The hounds in the meantime were giving tongue and letting the hunters know the way the game was taking. The bear circled and ran about two miles until he made his last stand in the rough ground on the south side of Russell Hannah's farm, near the passway towards Slaty Fork.

The chase came near the place where James Gibson and Charles were standing, and the hunters, who were close together, both started to run to the hounds, for they could tell that the hunt had passed them and that the bear was at bay fighting the hounds. The two hunters ran in company a mile or more but there was this difference: James Gibson was sixty-eight years old, and after the first mile found that his age somewhat affected him though still sound in wind and limb. Charles Sheets was in his twenties and did not mind how far he had to run. Seeing Mr. Gibson slow up in the foot race, Mr. Sheets slowed up also and said that he would wait and go on with Mr. Gibson at a slower pace. Mr.

Gibson told him that it was so important to get that bear, for him to go on where the bear was raising the devil with the hounds, and so Mr. Sheets came to the bear.

Lame Paw, twelve inches between the ears, was trying to put his paw on the dog, and when the paw came down the dog was elsewhere. Sheets had the following equipment: A Winchester repeating shot gun, with shell loaded with an ounce ball. It seems that of late years, the man who carries a twelve guage shotgun that uses shells, each containing an ounce of small shot, may buy at the hardware stores shells in which each has an ounce ball and this ball cartridge when shot from such a shotgun has about the same range as the old time mountain rifle, and it is very effective ammunition for deer and bears.

The bear and dogs were fussing around in a grown up hacking and Sheets was able to shoot Lame Paw twice before the harrassed bear knew that that his enemy was on him. One of the balls went through the body near the heart and the other entered near the backbone and ranged back to the ham. The bear then went on and the dogs showed their perfect team work, each tugging at a ham and dodging and coming again.

Sheets followed but for a time it was not possible to shoot on account of the presence of the hounds and Sheets, having plenty of speed, ran around the bear and took his position on a rocky place in a cleft in the cliffs where the bear must pass. And out of the brush the big brute pamed

and as it happened, he got rid of the dogs for the time being.

Now a bear being the wisest and most timid of animals where man is concerned, will not come in shouting distance if he can help it, but when cornered or attacked there is no animal as dangerous and as hard to stop with a ball. In this case the bear, desperately wounded but with all his power left, made directly at the hunter as fast as he could lay his feet to the ground, and the hunter refusing to be a consenting party to his own destruction, in the space of a fraction of a second took aim and shot Lame Paw square between the eyes, and the big hunt was over.

On being examined the worn condition of the teeth indicated an old bear. It was as fat as fat could be and the meat was good to those who like bear meat. Owing to the late spring the hide was in perfect condition, the hair being long, thick, black and glossy.

The bear was thought to have weighed about five hundred pounds, and was the second largest bear that hsd been killed on the waters of Elk, and that was saying a good deal for there have been hundreds if not thousands of bears killed in those fine bear grounds.

The largest bear was fourteen inches between the ears, and was the famous Williams River sheep killing bear, killed on Elk in 1910 by Samuel Gibson. He was generally referred to as the "Old Hellion", and he used on Elk River and Williams River for years and actually put some farmers out of the sheep business.